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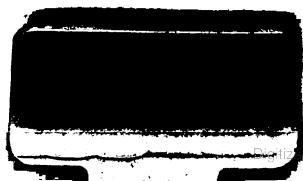
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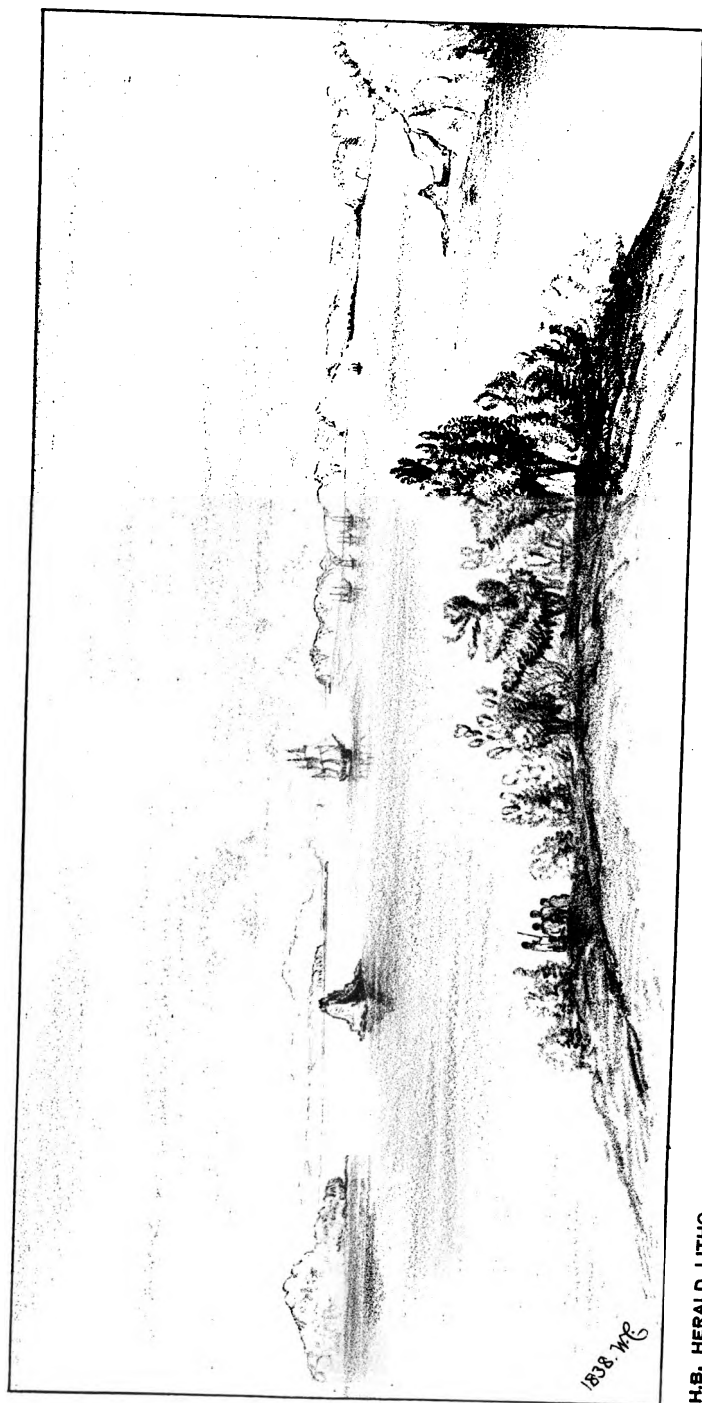
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H.B. HERALD LITHO.

The Anchorage, with Russell Bay of Islands.  
*From top of the high hill behind Pailia.*

DEBent 1838.

# FIFTY YEARS AGO IN NEW ZEALAND.

A COMMEMORATION: A JUBILEE PAPER:  
A RETROSPECT:  
A PLAIN AND TRUE STORY.

READ BEFORE THE HAWKE'S BAY PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTE,  
OCTOBER 17TH, 1887.

BY

WILLIAM COLENZO,

F.R.S., F.L.S., ETC.,

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE.

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*(Published under the auspices of the Board of Governors N.Z.I., and with  
the approval of the Council H.B.P.I.)*

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"Build me straight, O worthy Master!  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle."

LONGFELLOW: "*The Building of the Ship*."

"Quæque ipsi vidi, et quorum fui."—VIRG.

—"We cannot express any truth without involving ourselves in some degree of error  
or occasionally conveying an impression to others wholly erroneous."

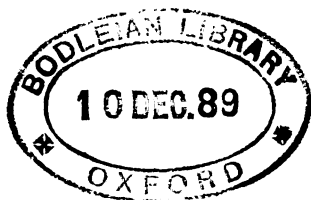
—PROF. JOWETT.

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**Papier :**

PRINTED BY R. C. HARDING, HASTINGS-STREET.

1888.



*Extract from a Circular issued by the Council of the  
Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute, 18th June, 1888.*

The twentieth volume of the *Transactions of the New Zealand Institute*, which is now being issued, does not contain the extremely valuable and interesting "Jubilee Paper" read before this Society by Mr. Colenso in October, 1887; and on enquiry the Council find that owing to retrenchment and general lack of funds, this Paper has been "deferred," together with many others.

Seeing that the Paper contains a long and excellent account of the Introduction of the Printing Press into New Zealand, and of the printing of the New Testament in the Maori tongue in 1837 (fifty years ago), together with many collateral and little-known facts and items of colonial and public interest, the Council took steps to procure the return of the Paper from the Governors of the New Zealand Institute, with a view to its publication.

The Board replied as follows:—"The Board very much regret being unable to publish the paper in question, and have therefore directed me to return it as requested. . . . The Board expresses great satisfaction at the prospect of the publication of the Jubilee Paper in another form.—(*Signed*) R. B. GORE, *Secretary*."



# FIFTY YEARS AGO IN NEW ZEALAND.

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## A Jubilee Paper.

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### § 1. PRELIMINARY.

THIS present year of grace—1887, has been, is, and will be long-known as, the marked “Jubilee” year; probably more so than any Jubilee that has ever preceded it since time began! This arises, mainly, from the fact of its ubiquity, or universal dissemination and observance, more or less throughout the whole globe. We here in New Zealand, the most distant of all the Colonies of the British Empire, situated at the very antipodes,—we have done our best in joining with thankfulness and acclaim in the carrying-out of the Jubilee of Her Majesty our most gracious Queen Victoria.

And in doing so the question has more than once arisen in my mind, whether we (or more strictly speaking, I) have not also a Jubilee to observe, to commemorate? Indeed, all of us who have passed the fiftieth Birthday have such a private Jubilee; which is stronger still when those who can do so (as in the case of Her Majesty), can look back over the long vista of fifty years of active life; and this is still further strengthened, when, in so looking back, we can specify some peculiar useful public work undertaken and completed for the benefit of the people fifty years ago;—especially when such was begun and carried on and finished under singular trials and hardships and difficulties.

As I have reasons for believing, that I am the only one present who has dwelt more than fifty years in this country, I trust I shall be permitted to say at the commencement, (and, in so doing, to meet and cut short all anticipation and conjecture,)—that I do not intend to speak specially of that—my arrival in this land,—in this paper. The Jubilee, or fifty years commemoration of that time, expired nearly three years ago, and was then duly though privately observed by me; as well as a few others since,—special goals or landmarks of some important epochs in

my life now nearly drawing to its close ; a select few of the more important of them I may briefly mention : viz.—

In the year 1835, the printing of the *first* book in New Zealand.

In the same year, the printing of the first *English* book.

In the same year (Dec. 25), meeting with the celebrated *Darwin* in the Bay of Islands, and spending a happy long day with him.

In 1836, the commencement of the printing the New Testament in *Maori*.

Having so far cleared the way, I may now state that my present Jubilee paper is intended to commemorate more particularly the completion of the printing of the New Testament in the Maori tongue at Paihia in the Bay of Islands in the year 1837—fifty years ago ! an event that caused a great sensation at the time, both in New Zealand and at Home, (although now, in part, forgotten,) and one that was productive of incalculable good to the Maori race : together with the introduction of the Printing-Press into this country ; and also, the gradual formation of its present written Maori language ;—with many peculiar and little-known circumstances pertaining to those prehistoric times, and incidental thereto.

And as I have had necessarily a prominent part (active or passive) in almost every successional item or subject that I have to bring before you, I trust, in my endeavouring to fairly and faithfully narrate the same, I shall not be deemed egotistical.

## § 2. INTRODUCTORY.

In the year 1833, the Church Missionary Society, having determined to send out a Printing Press and types and all necessary *matériel* to their mission in New Zealand, were seeking a Missionary Printer to be in charge. In the end of that year, I, then residing in London, was introduced to the Secretaries of that Society at their Mission house, and engaged to go out to New Zealand with the Press as a Missionary.

For various reasons matters were not soon ready ; and it was June, 1834, before we left London for Sydney, New South Wales, *en route* for New Zealand. During the long interval, (after my return from the Country in the Spring,) I was

frequently at the large printing establishment of Messrs. Watts and Son, near Temple Bar, about the necessary requirements, (their types, &c., being all cast at their own foundry within the same building,) but all directions, orders, &c., respecting the same, were given by the Under-Secretaries of the Mission-House to that firm without any reference to me. Well do I remember the answers that were returned to my repeated applications for an Imposing-stone, and for page-cord, (not to mention other things,)—"What! 'Coals to Newcastle'!! In that country where the New Zealand Flax grows everywhere wild, and the Natives are all adepts at making such beautiful lines and cords! and where the handsome Greenstone abounds!!!"—I briefly mention this here, as its sure results followed.—After a long passage of seventeen weeks our ship arrived at Sydney.

Here I make a short digression. What a difference! between the Sydney of that period and of to-day!! Then there was no steamer on her waters, and but few ships! then there were only three clergymen of the Church-of-England residing in all Australia;—two of them (the Reverends Messrs Cowper and Hill) in Sydney, and the Rev. S. Marsden at Paramatta. In order to get through their fixed Sunday (or weekly) duties, those Sydney Ministers were obliged to commence them on Saturday afternoons. During my stay in Sydney I assisted them as well as I could.

As no vessel could be found willing to leave for New Zealand, owing to their fear of the Maoris, we were obliged to remain eight or nine weeks at Sydney. At last, after much entreaty, a small schooner of 67 tons was got ready, and we sailed on the 10th December for the Bay of Islands. After a long and eventful voyage of twenty days, (suffering much from want of water, as well as from a complication of *peculiar* miseries!) we landed at Paihia Mission Station in the Bay of Islands, at 9 p.m. on the 30th December; and in the following few days got the Press, type, &c., safely on shore.

### § 3. THE PRESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

1835. Jan. 3. On this day we got the Press and heavy boxes of type securely landed; the lighter packages, including Bookbinders' standing- and cutting-presses, and tools, having previously been taken on shore. It was a very difficult matter

to land the printing-press safely, from the bulk and weight of the iron "*staple*" (it being a large Stanhope Press), and the vessel out at anchor in the harbour, with no wharf nor good landing-place, merely the natural sandy beach open to the ocean; the passenger-boats of the Mission Station being far too light, and the Maori canoes too small and crank; at last we managed it, by lashing two canoes together and so making a deck or platform on them, and working early in the morning before the sea-breeze began. The boxes of type would have been opened on board, but as the little vessel, owing to her novelty, was continually crowded by Maoris, (all of whom were very wild and rough, and some of them not very friendly,) it was thought the parcels of type might be seized for making musket-balls, then in very great demand. It was a matter of very great rejoicing to us when all our precious stores were safely on shore and without loss.

Speaking practically, however, our rejoicing was of short duration; for on unpacking the goods and stores I found many necessary articles to be absolutely wanting! For the information of Printers I will just set down a few of them; though I almost fear my relation will scarcely be believed. There was no wooden furniture of any kind, nor quoins, (cast-metal furniture, so common now, not being then in use,) no galleys, no cases, no leads of any size, no brass rule, no composing-sticks, (save a private one of my own that I had bought two years before in London, a most fortunate circumstance!) no inking-table, no potash, no lye-brushes, no mallet and shooter, no roller-irons and stock, though there was a massy cast-iron roller mould, and (as I have already intimated) no imposing-stone nor page-cord; and, worst of all, actually *no printing paper*!! Moreover, in those days, as things then were, none of these missing articles could be obtained from England in a less time than eighteen months! while they might possibly be got from Sydney in six or eight months.—

Such was the state of things at the setting-up of the Press in New Zealand! At first, and for some considerable time, we hazarded the hope that the deficient printing stores, especially the large bales of paper, might have been left in the Agent's warehouses at Sydney, where the Press and types and Binding tools had been long stored; but time revealed that such was not the case. Fortunately I found a handy Joiner in the Bay, who

soon made me two or three pairs of type-cases for the printing office after a plan of my own. For as the Maori language contained only 13 letters (half the number in the English alphabet), I contrived my cases so, as to have both Roman and Italic characters in the *one* pair of cases; not distributing the remaining 13 letters (consonants) used in the compositing of English, such not being wanted.\* My Joiner also made me a few galleys, and a small inking-table, and some furniture and quoins,—these last, however, were wretched things (partly owing to the want of proper and seasoned wood,) and gave me an enormous amount of labour, vexation and trouble!

#### § 4. THE LOCATION OF THE PRESS.

The sudden arrival of the Printing-press in New Zealand, took the resident Missionaries at the Paihia Station by surprise. It is true they had asked for it from the Society, and the Society had promised to supply their wants, but no time was, or could have been fixed, and communication between them was very rare and irregular—about once a year. And during our long sojourn in Sydney we had no means of communicating with New Zealand. Paihia is a small flat on the sea-side, about half a mile long, having a sandy beach in front, a bold rocky headland at each end, and a steep hill at the back; in calm weather there is good landing from boats on the beach, but not so at other times. At this date there were three Missionaries with their wives and families living here,—the Rev. H. Williams, the Rev. W. Williams, and Mr. C. Baker; they resided in three separate and rather large houses, which with their houses for domestics, Carpenter's and Blacksmith's shops, and store-houses, and the Mission Chapel and Infants' School-house in the middle, composed the buildings of the Mission Station, making quite a little village. Fortunately it happened that a large and well-lighted room,

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\* I may here observe, in a note, that such an arrangement proved to be a very good one while my compositing was confined to the Maori language only; but when I had any English copy to compose it was altogether the reverse! then I had to pick out the discarded English consonants as required from their lots put up in paper parcels. Fortunately this occurred but rarely; except at the time of the Treaty of Waitangi, (1840,) when I had necessarily much printing work to do for the Government of the Colony; and having no extra cases, was obliged to place the letters required in little lots on tables, and on the floor!—(See Note A, Appendix.)

being one semi-detached wing of the house occupied by Mr. Baker, was just now empty; this room had been hitherto used as a schoolroom for the sons of the Missionaries; but it was now the holiday season, and many of the lads had gone home to their parents, and that School for the future was to be carried on at the inland Mission Station—Te Waimate. Therefore the press was at once located in this empty room, for the time at least. And though, subsequently, there was much debate, and even decisions arrived at, by the Committee of Missionaries respecting its speedy removal;—1st, to the spacious two-story stone building at the Kerikeri Mission Station, built for a general store for the Church Mission, of which all the facing stones were brought from Sydney\*; and, 2nd, to a new building to be forthwith constructed for it at Te Waimate, (of which the framework was subsequently erected, and then blown down in a gale,) yet, nevertheless, it remained in this room, for a few years, and in this room the New Testament (with several other books) was composited and printed.

And here I should also mention the reasons which swayed the Committee of Missionaries respecting the future and fixed location of the Press, these were chiefly three:—1. to be near to the Editor of the New Testament, the Rev. W. Williams, who was soon to remove to the inland station at Te Waimate;—2. to be away from the constant interruption pertaining to a Station at the Harbour;—3. to be safe from Maori inroad and pillage; (this last had reference to the types, as Maori Chiefs had passed significant remarks on inspecting them and handling the big quadrats and *Canon* size capital letters; and the Bay tribes were in a very unsettled state, talking of going to war among themselves; this state of things was the main cause for removing the Press to the large and strong stone building at the Kerikeri station).

#### § 5. THE PRINTING OF THE FIRST BOOK.

As all parties both European (Missionaries) and Maori were very desirous of seeing something printed, it was arranged, (1) that the Missionaries at Paihia should supply some writing-paper for that purpose from their small private stores: (2) that the *first* sheet from the Press should be a portion of the New

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\* See Note B, Appendix.



H.B. HERALD LITHO.

Paihia from the islet Motuorangi.

*The house under the two birds, where the N.T. was printed.*

D. Blair. Ed.





Testament and printed in book form: (3) that as it must necessarily be, under all the circumstances, some small book, it should be the Epistles to the Ephesians and the Philippians, which the Rev. W. Williams (afterwards, Archdeacon, and also Bishop of Waiapu, and one of the founders of this auxiliary branch of the New Zealand Institute,) had lately finished translating into Maori; so, on the 17th of February, 1835, I pulled proofs of the first book printed in New Zealand; the Printing-office being filled with spectators to witness the performance. And on the 21st of the month, twenty-five corrected copies were printed and stitched and cut round for the Missionaries; their wives kindly furnishing a few sheets of pink blotting-paper from their desks wherewith to form coloured paper covers for these tracts; which, of course had first to be pasted on to stronger paper. This little book was in post 8vo., Long-Primer type, and consisted of 16 pages in double columns. For leads I was driven to the miserable substitute of pasting paper together, and drying and cutting it up! not being able to obtain any card or card-board. My good Joiner (always willing to assist) tried his hand at making reglet, but was obliged to give it up. And not being able to manufacture a roller, from want of the proper materials, I was obliged to do my best with a small make-shift "ball" of my own contriving. I may add, that of this little first pamphlet, 2000 copies were ultimately printed, some folio post writing-paper having been found at the large Central Mission Store at the Kerikeri Station.

§ 6. REMOVAL OF THE EDITOR AND CHIEF TRANSLATOR TO  
TE WAIMATE, A DISTANT MISSION STATION: HIS  
SEPARATION FROM THE PRESS.

Not long after the printing of the first book, in the autumn of that same year, the Rev. W. Williams, his wife and family, removed from Paihia (where they had resided for several years) to Te Waimate Mission Station, inland. At that time there was no resident clergyman at that place, nor nearer than Paihia (a long day's journey); besides he was now stationed there by the Committee of Missionaries, to conduct the large boarding-school of the sons of the Missionaries, which was to be carried on there for the future. I mention this circumstance, as it

separated (in distance) the chief Translator and Editor of the New Testament from the Press, which proved to be a great disadvantage, and serious hindrance to the carrying on and early completion of the work. At first, however, it was determined to build a large printing-office at Te Waimate; and in time the framework of the same was erected there;\* but as sawn timber was not easily procurable (though in the midst of *kauri* forests), the work was delayed, and eventually it came to nothing.

### § 7. OF TE WAIMATE STATION, AND THE ROAD THERETO.

Here I should briefly mention the geographical position of those two places or Mission Stations. Paihia (as I have already shown) was on the immediate sea-shore; Te Waimate was about half-way across the island, between the Bay of Islands and the head of the Hokianga river; not very many miles distant (perhaps sixteen) in a direct line from Paihia; but in those days of no roads nor bridges, and scarcely even a Maori track between the two Stations, it was considered a good day's journey (on foot of course,) from the one Station to the other; a portion of the way being circuitous by the sea-shore made the distance to be more than twenty miles. There were also two uninviting places to be crossed; the one at Whauwhauroa, a broad muddy estuary lined by mangroves, unfordable save at low-water or nearly so, and then only by stripping and slowly and cautiously finding one's way with a long pole, wading through deep tidal mud;† and the other the big river Waiarua, equally impassable after rains, which also, a little lower down from the ford in its course, forms the Waitangi waterfall. Indeed this, the nearer way, was so very bad, that Mr. Williams, his wife and family, and his goods, all went by the much longer and roundabout one,—across the Bay and up the long Kerikeri river in boats, and thence to Te Waimate by a track over the high open land,—which altogether might occupy three days.

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\* It was to be a two-story building, and not long after erection was blown down by a violent storm and never re-erected.

† Sometimes, but rarely, a visitor or traveller would be taken thither in a boat from Paihia at high water to the landing place on the opposite shore.

## § 8. OF OTHER MATTERS PRINTED IN 1835.

Having obtained a small supply of folio post writing paper from the Mission Store at Kerikeri (all there was!)—1000 copies of the Gospel of St. Luke, 67 pages, post 8vo., were printed and bound during this year. Also, some Proclamations and Circulars for the British Resident, in both English and Maori, respecting the arrival and assumption of the Baron de Thierry and his party; and of the murderous night attempt on the life of the British Resident by a Maori, which, for some time, caused great sensation.\* Some hundreds of old Maori books, (of the small 4to. edition printed at Sydney in 1833,) much worn, very dirty and ragged! were also strongly bound.—

## § 9. OF AN INKING-TABLE AND IMPOSING-STONE.

I had found it a difficult matter to get on without an iron Inking-table, but the want of an Imposing-stone was a far more serious one. For the former, I had substituted a small wooden table (14 × 28in.), the top made out of a broad plank of a hardwood tree that grew on the cliffs near by, (*Pohutukawa* = *Metrosideros tomentosa*;) for the latter I had no other alternative than to use the iron "table" of the Printing-press; this was anything but pleasant, but there was no help for it! On my early rowing up the Kerikeri river, I had noticed the many black basaltic boulder-stones of various sizes, fantastically scattered and piled and even ranged in natural rows in many places; and I thought that one of them might be made to serve and do good service if it could be cut. This was eventually done by Mr. Edmonds, (a Catechist of the Church Missionary Society, residing at the Kerikeri Station, who, at Home, in England, was a stonemason by trade,) although when a fitting size block was found at last, and conveyed to the Station, it took him a long time to cut it into two parts (after having been trimmed and squared) through the stone itself being so excessively hard, and his not having any proper appliances for the purpose. And when cut and their surfaces smoothed they were found to possess several scattered vesicular cells, which had to be filled up with cement. Still, they were a useful pair of stones, and when, at last! (in March, 1837,) I got them brought down in our little Mission

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\* See Note C, Appendix.

Cutter (Te Karere) from the Kerikeri Station, and also got them mounted on frame with drawers, made at Kororareka (now Russell) by my joiner, I felt happy and thought I was rich! This is the first, perhaps the only, instance, of a pair of large Imposing-stones made out of a boulder of basalt, and therefore I relate it. I often heard the remark, that the cutting alone of those two stones cost the Church Missionary Society, on the lowest calculation, considerably more than £20; of course they were both from one block sawn asunder, and roughly squared and trimmed on their outsides, and very thick!—

#### § 10. PRINTING THE FIRST ENGLISH BOOK AND PLACARD.

On May 19th, 1836, the first English book was printed at the New Zealand Mission Press; a small unpretentious book of eight pages, post 8vo., containing the first "Report of the New Zealand Temperance Society." Placards also in English, and the first ever printed in New Zealand, calling a Public Meeting to establish the said Society, were printed and circulated the month before.—

#### § 11. THE COMMENCEMENT OF PRINTING THE NEW TESTAMENT.

("Opus manuum nostrarum dirige.")

We had heard of the arrival at Sydney of our long-looked for supplies of paper and printing materials from England; therefore, on the 23rd of March, 1836, (having recently received a few sheets of first "copy" from the Editor,\*) I commenced composing the New Testament. It was long, however, before we received those necessary supplies from Sydney; so that I did not commence printing the Testament until the 23rd of June,—and then *alone*, without any assistant! (A MEMORABLE DAY AND TIME WITH ME!) It had been already decided by the Committee of Missionaries, that the New Testament should be of demy 8vo. size, and in Small-Pica letter, and should consist of 5000 copies: (4000 had been at first fixed on, but at the very earnest request of the Wesleyan Missionaries, 1000 additional copies for them was added thereto.) Finding I was advancing very slowly, and the work long and heavy, I engaged three steady Christian

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\* His kind note which came with them is so characteristic of him, that I am tempted to make an extract from it.—See Note D, Appendix.

Maoris, (adult and tattooed chiefs from Te Kawakawa,) Andrew, Joseph, and Hamo, to work as pressmen. But while, at first, willing to learn and to work (*in their way*), they caused me so much trouble and anxiety, and also loss, (besides their getting to dislike the work, as being wholly unsuitable to their habits, there was so much standing, and that too in one place,) that I was obliged to dismiss them and to do without them, and go on, as before, *alone* ! The youthful Maoris of that day would not work at all, and could not be trusted. Indeed I had tried some sharp intelligent Maori youths (sons of neighbouring and friendly chiefs) during the past year to roll the forms, while engaged in printing the gospel of St. Luke, and some other smaller works ; but they soon got tired and left me, just as they were severally becoming useful ; this was in a great measure owing to their being obliged to stand so long in one spot at their work.\* As a bit of curiosity I may mention, that the wages I paid to those three men, as agreed upon between us, was 3s. each per week, and their food,—this latter mainly consisting of potatoes and other edible roots of Maori cultivating. Three were engaged, as while two (in turn) worked at Press, the third did the simple cooking, getting water, shell-fish and firewood.—

“All service ranks the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we : there is no last or first.”—

*Browning.*

## § 12. OF THE PECULIAR HINDRANCES TO THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

Here, I think, I should briefly mention the hindrances or obstacles in the way of carrying on this important work ; for unless I do so, such would not be known, nor even guessed at. These were many, and may be classed under three main heads ; viz. (1) on the side of the Editor : (2) on the side of the Press and Printer : (3) Sundry.

1. *Those on the side of the Editor, were* :—(1) His own heavy and constant daily public duties, besides those appertaining to his own growing family, arising from his being the only Clergyman at that Station, and indeed in the whole North inland District, extending from Mangakahia on the South to Kaitia

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\* See Note E, Appendix.

the most Northern Station : (2) from his being the Master and the only Teacher in the Mission Boarding-school for boys : (3) from his being the only resident Doctor and Surgeon in those parts : and (4) from his residing so far away from the Press, with which he could only have distant, precarious and irregular communication,—scarcely on the average of once a fortnight ; and then only by special messenger, and not unfrequently at some risk.—

II. *Those on the side of the Printer and the Press.*—These were also manifold, heavy and unceasing. For, in addition to those of his own separate department of the Printing-office and Binding room, (in two houses far apart,)—all of which had to be performed by him alone ; there were the common daily public duties of the Mission Station, of which he had to bear his share. The rule of the station was, that out of the three resident Missionaries, comprising the Rev. H. Williams and Messrs C. Baker and W. Colenso, one was always to remain at the Station ; this was absolutely necessary on account of visitors, both Maori and settlers in the Bay, and also foreigners from ships at anchor ; and my own particular duty in the Printing-office confining me at the Station during week-days, a larger share of the home or Station duties frequently devolved on me. Besides I alone had the charge of the Surgery, the attending to patients, and the making-up and issuing of Medicines ; occasionally informing Rev. W. Williams of severe and peculiar cases for my guidance. My daily week-day duty commenced with early morning Maori prayers in the chapel, and adult male school in the open air in its grounds when fine, when showery in the chapel, and the keeping the roll and books of the School ; that over, to return to my house and prepare and get my breakfast, and then to the Printing-office or Binding-room according to what work might be in hand. Then there was the warehousing work, (viz. the receiving of paper and other printing stores, the packing and sending off of books &c., to the different Mission Stations,) also the keeping of the accounts of the Printing-office, both for receipt and expenditure of material and money, including periodical returns both for the Committee of Missionaries in New Zealand and for the Parent Society ; and not unfrequently the tiresome jobs of bartering with the Maoris, for potatoes and other edible roots, maize, pigs, fish &c., &c., which necessarily took up a great

deal of time, so much of it being *new* to me! and the Maoris utterly regardless of the value or the waste of time; and also twice a week attending to the delivery of rations, and many other necessary and common things in daily use: the "rations" included the cutting-up and weighing out of pigs (pork), weighing out of potatoes, flour, rice, &c., &c., for the Mission families and the inmates of the European Girls' Boarding-school (approaching 50 persons\*), also for all the Maori domestics and workmen of the Station, in number about another 50. This work, however, for some time, was mainly undertaken by Mr. Baker when at home and well, before that he removed to Waikare Station. Of course there was also the cooking to be attended to,—another heavy item with me, as it included the making of bread; (no Bakers, nor Butchers either, then in the land!) this was mostly done by me on Saturday afternoons. The having to go to-and-fro so very often daily, from my dwelling-house to the Printing-office, situate far apart, was another item causing great loss of time,—to say the least of it. Then, at night, was the learning the language, &c., &c., mainly, if not only, to be obtained from oral intercourse with the Maoris.

Sundays, also, were my heavy days of work; on these there was no rest for me. Indeed my duties on Sundays were generally heavier than on weekdays; whether it was my turn to remain at the Station—to hold Divine Services there, or to go out to the Maori villages to do so. *If at the Station*,—then there were invariably (weather permitting) four or five Church-of-England services; four at the Mission Station, viz. two in Maori, early morning and evening, and two in English at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., which several of the more respectable English settlers residing on the opposite shore of the Bay, together with the British Resident (Mr James Busby) his lady and family usually attended weather permitting, and frequently captains or officers and a few men from ships; and, also, at 2 p.m., at Kororareka (now Russell) on the opposite shore of the harbour, to which place we always went in our boats, the only mode of communication; usually the Missionary who had taken the two morning services at the Station had to cross over to Kororareka and take the two afternoon Services there, (one in English and one in Maori,)

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\* Both of the two senior resident Missionaries had very large families, nearly one dozen of children in each.

besides visiting the sick Maoris, &c., and then late in the evening take the Station Maori Service on his return, (this last often performed in excessive weariness!) *If away from the Station*,—at Kawakawa, or at Waikare, (or at some of the other Maori villages on the shores of the Bay,) then in order to get there in time and with the tide, (always some hours pull or sail,) I often had to leave the Mission Station by sunrise, or earlier, and return at 8 or 9 p.m., hungry and completely worn out! and that partly through travelling some miles over hilly country on foot, after landing from my boat, to get to the Maoris at their several villages: sometimes, when wind or tide or both against us, I have not been able to get back to the Station till midnight, or early morning, after pulling perhaps six or seven hours!—I ought not to omit to mention the good praiseworthy conduct of my young Maori rowers, &c., *at such times* of trial; but in order to obtain it, or to keep it up, one must ever be in a good humour! at such seasons not always an easy matter.

III. *Sundry*.:—To those already mentioned must also be added certain abrupt obstacles of another kind, often of a very serious nature, which could neither be foreseen or provided for; as, for instance:—

1. The state of the weather; for if wet, (heavy rain which sometimes lasted two or three days,) especially in winter,—the young Maori messenger could not well perform the journey on foot, whether to or from Te Waimate; besides we all knew, from sad experience, that the Maoris were careless and prone to sleep in their wet clothing, especially when tired and in a strange place, which frequently ended in consumption. And just so it was for a few days after heavy rain, as the big river Waiaruhe would then be flooded and impassable at the only landing-place, its current too, at such times being very strong: Europeans have been drowned there.\*

2. The dislike Maoris always had to travel alone to any distance. This was a national feeling and not to be wondered at nor trifled with. At the same time they frequently paddled singly in their small canoes many miles up and down the rivers and estuaries of the Bay, when they could see around them for some distance and so be free from surprises. We generally had

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\* See Note F, Appendix.



a pretty large number of Maoris dwelling with us at the Mission Station, but most of them (sometimes all) had come thither from other and distant tribes to be taught in our schools; and these strangers could not be sent on any such journeys, over the lands &c., of other tribes, who might have been their deadly enemies in the past, or have some grudge still unavenged; neither could they have been induced to go.

3. The uncertain capriciousness of the Maoris (in those days), rarely ever to be depended on for coming at the time appointed; the one engaged as a messenger being continually liable to be called away, or to turn aside, or to loiter, and be almost sure, after he had arrived at the place to which he was sent, and delivered his packet, to want to rest for a few days, or to visit some relative or clansman in the neighbourhood, where he would while away two or three days or more; indeed, to do so, would often be the real ground of his going as a messenger.

4. The interruption occasioned by travelling or voyaging parties of Maoris coming peacefully or otherwise to the Station, and which for the time upset, or put a stop to, all regular occupation;\* not unfrequently causing the Missionaries and their Maori residents and domestics to be on the *qui vive* / Here, also, must be placed the interruptions caused by unexpected European visitors,—as by the Captains and officers of Ships of war; the last visit to the Station and New Zealand of the Rev. S. Marsden and his suite, &c., &c.†

5. Also, in stormy weather, the hauling up of all our boats and canoes on to the high bank above the sea-beach as a place of safety; and, again, the saving of the few head of cattle belonging to the Station from being lost in the neighbouring swamps, into which they sometimes ventured in quest of food, and could not extricate themselves.

6. And lastly, during the year 1837, great and serious and long-continued hindrances arose, owing to the Ngapuhi tribes in the Bay of Islands fighting among themselves; this was their last battle—or series of battles, for it continued several months, during which many on both sides were killed and wounded.‡ Of course this sad unsettled hostile state of things proved to be a great hindrance to any communication by a single Maori messenger between the two Mission Stations.

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\* See Note G, Appendix.

† See Note H.

‡ See Note I.

§ 13. THE PRINTING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT—*continued.*

To return: My three Maori neophyte pressmen having left me, and of course taken back with them to their *pa* (village) and people a full and particular account of the many disagreeables inseparable from this new and wonderful art of printing, there was no longer any hope of fresh Maoris in their place, (nor did I wish to have any more,) so on their leaving me in August, I was obliged to carry on my heavy work *alone*, and that very slowly; what served to make it worse, and to embitter it, were my many interruptions and extra burdens,—not a few of which might have been lessened if not avoided: (my feelings at that critical period I will not attempt to give).—Thus it continued till the middle of November, when I accidentally fell in with two young pressmen on board of an American whale ship, and as they were desirous of leaving their ship I engaged them; their names were Henry Mann and John Bevan; and as these men had worked as pressmen in America I record their names as my first trained helpers in the work of the printing the New Testament. Unfortunately, however, they only remained with me until near the end of January, 1837, (just nine weeks,) when they left. No doubt the isolation and quiet of the Mission Station, and the great difficulty of their getting any needful supplies, (save the common rations already mentioned,) had much to do with their leaving me; they were quiet industrious men. I may also mention, that their wages were, each 5/- per day, and they worked  $5\frac{1}{2}$  days a week. This latter their own choice, as they spent the Saturday afternoon attending to their own private matters; also in going across the harbour, when fine, in one of my boats, to the Storekeepers on the opposite side, about three miles distant, to purchase stores.

Here I should state, that the American whale ships (which at that period came frequently into the Bay of Islands to obtain supplies) were always manned with a very different class of men to those of our English ships. The crew of the American ships were not usually trained sailors, but young workmen of almost all trades; men who, tired of their occupation, or desirous of seeing the world, or of going on a voyage of adventure and sport, engaged on board of those ships; yet they generally worked well together there, and seemed happy:—I had several

opportunities of observing them in my visiting those ships, where I sometimes partook of their free and kind hospitality.

Once more, being left, I carried on *alone*; and this continued about a month; when, on 23rd February, I again met with two more American pressmen on board of one of the American whalers at anchor in the Bay, and they being willing I engaged them. Their names were James Powell and Charles Upham; the former remained with me scarcely five months, leaving in July; but the latter remained until the printing of the New Testament was completed, in December, 1837.—They were both very quiet industrious steady men; it was even a rare thing to hear them talk! Upham in particular was a very peculiar man, a thorough American, even to the chewing of tobacco! and a good quiet steady hard-working fellow; excessively quaint in his few remarks made at intervals. The wages I paid these two men were, at first, the same as to the two former pressmen, 5/- per day; but after a short time, at their own request, their pay was altered to 25 cents, or 1/- each per “token,” (10 quires =  $\frac{1}{2}$ -ream,) besides which, as they could not be always at press-work, they were paid 12 cents, or 6d per hour for other work connected with the Printing-office and Binding-room, and Warehouse,—as, in drying, and pressing, and folding the sheets, &c.; but would never do anything in the way of distributing type, and even if a letter should be drawn out, or be broken in their working-off the forms, (which sometimes though rarely did happen,) they would not, or more properly could not well, replace it; and spoiled paper (if any) they had to pay for,—which, however, did not amount to much. Upham worked alone at Press for a period of six months, after his companion left, (always a disagreeable and slow process for *one* person,) and, of course, from that time he was paid 2/- per “token.” He was a very good and trusty pressman, and kept the “colour” well up, and his rollers, &c., in nice working order. During the whole of the time they continued with me they never once got into altercation or trouble with the Maoris.—

#### § 14. COMPLETION OF PRINTING THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The printing of the New Testament, consisting of 356 pages, being at last accomplished by the middle of December, 1837,—a

cause of great rejoicing with me! (and also many others who were in eager expectation of receiving a copy; )—the next step was to get the books bound. By dint of steady persevering labour I was enabled to finish binding a few copies in calf on the 30th December, for distribution to the Missionaries on the approaching 1st January, 1838, as a New Year's Gift; which was heartily welcomed with many thanks and correspondingly valued by them. Now the demand for copies became great, beyond expression, from all parts of New Zealand where the Missionaries were known, or to which Christianity had extended; finding it impossible for only myself—unassisted—to get them bound fast enough, (and there were plenty of other useful and needful works awaiting publication,) the Committee of Missionaries met, and I was instructed to send a quantity to Sydney, in lots of 500 at a time, to be bound there; having first arranged with a Sydney firm as to price, &c. These were all bound in cloth, but were not so strongly and carefully bound as those which I also bound in linen cloth at Paihia. And as it was well-known, that the Maoris valued more highly an article they had paid for, than one given to them, it was also decided that the book should be sold, and the price fixed for it was 4/-,—a rather large sum in those days for the Maoris to raise, (as they received but a very low price for all their articles of barter, which, as a matter of course, was very rarely ever paid in coin,) at the same time many copies were given away. The 1000 copies in sheets were soon handed over, as promised, to the Wesleyan Missionaries residing at Hokianga, who sent them to England to be bound.

§ 15. NOTICE OF SOME PLEASING OCCURRENCES, SHOWING THE HIGH VALUE SET BY THE MAORIS ON THE BOOK.

Many remarkable incidents happened at this time, showing the extreme value placed by the Christian and well-disposed Maori Chiefs on the Sacred Volume; all of them would prove highly interesting; one or two I will briefly mention. The powerful Chief of Kaitaia, (near Ahipara and the North Cape,) Panakareao, (afterwards Baptized and named Nopera = Noble,) wrote me a letter for a single copy; and in order that it should arrive the more dignified, he sent it all the way by a special messenger, (a long journey of several days through a wild and

little-known dense untravelled forest,) and with it he sent me £1 in gold for payment, strictly limiting his request to *one* copy only! It was the *first* sovereign I ever saw with a Maori, or in this Country, (indeed, silver coin also was very scarce, rarely seen or used,\*) and the letter and the gold were well-secured being wrapped-up in folds of cloth, and bound and worn turban-fashion night and day on his head. And as not many of the principal Maori Chiefs or their sons could then write, many of them travelled on foot and barefooted to Paihia, from very great distances, to obtain a copy; at the same time running no small risks in their doing so, owing to the unsettled unavenged old feuds which still existed. Several distinguished early foreign visitors also got single copies by asking,—as the Bishop of Australia, Admiral du Petit Thouars of the French Navy, Capts. P. P. King, and Harding of the British Navy, Commodore Wilkes of the American Exploring Expedition, &c., &c.—In fine, and in spite of the utmost care, the whole edition went away so fast, that a new edition of 5000 copies, in 12mo., was speedily printed in England by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

§ 16. FOREIGN CONGRATULATIONS ON THE SUCCESSFUL  
PERFORMANCE OF THE WORK: THIS EDITION OF THE NEW  
TESTAMENT THE FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE  
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

Among the number of kind congratulatory letters I received from many and distinct quarters abroad, on the finishing of the New Testament, I may be allowed to give an extract from a high official one written by the Clerical Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. William Jowett,—a good man! his letter is truly *sui generis* and highly characteristic of the writer.—

“Church Missionary House, London,

December 17th, 1838.

“Dear Mr. Colenso,

\* \* \* \* \* “I desire to turn your thoughts to the peculiarly useful (and therefore honourable) department which you *do* occupy. The sight of that New Testament in the Native language, which you have been privileged to carry through the Press, is such a sight as fills my heart with indescribable joy. Think now to what great ends it is capable of becoming instrumental. Preachers will preach from it: Families will conduct

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\* See Note J, Appendix.

family-worship by it: Conversations innumerable will be held upon it: it will help private self-examination: it will help those who conduct examinations of the professing Native Christians: it will be for private meditation and prayer: it is the Standard of Wisdom of every kind: it comes in most seasonably with a flood of light to resist the invading darkness of" (the time): "it will, moreover, help the fixing of the language; and school-books, and many other books, will grow out of it. No doubt the Spirit of God will use this sword!

"Then it may be well to consider, that *we* are *only* instrumental in this matter. *We* did not make the Book; Divine Inspiration gave it. You did not translate it; others did that. But you were at hand with the *art*—hidden for ages—by which this great and simple work, this *unmiraculous miracle*, was produced.

"There is on every side cause to be thankful and humble. The Lord make you and me to be so, and that habitually! I have often heard persons of the highest talent say, that they would gladly be hewers of wood and drawers of water in this cause. One had better not say too much for one's self,—but I could almost fancy that were I a Christian Nobleman, and had the choosing of a humble but most useful office in the Missionary field, it should be that of a Printer, to print the Holy Scriptures and Religious Tracts. Now this office *you* have: Bless the Lord for it, and serve Him in it!

"I remain, Yours most truly,  
 "Mr. Colenso." (signed) "WILLIAM JOWETT."

From the date of this letter may be well-inferred the length of time it took for a letter, &c., to go Home and to be answered, (as alluded to by me in § 3.) I had sent bound copies of the New Testament by first direct ship in April, 1838.—It was known that those whale-ships always sought for whales on their way Home, and so made long voyages. It will, also, be seen, that Mr. Jowett wrote thus fully and kindly to cheer and encourage me in my work; having known from my daily journal (which we were all bound to keep and forward regularly to the Society,) how I had been situated. I have given a longer extract from his letter than I had intended, to record his Christian hope and belief of the great and manifold benefits to be derived from the printing of the New Testament in the Maori language, (in which he was also joined by all the Members of the Church Missionary Society;) as well as to show his valuable opinion of the Press and its introduction into this Country; he too being an author of several works.

And here, perhaps, I may also mention, the little-known but astonishing fact, that this edition of the New Testament in the language of New Zealand was the *first* publication of the Sacred Volume entire in the Southern Hemisphere!

— "Sail on, O Ship of Life,—  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

—LONGFELLOW: "*The Building of the Ship*" (slightly altered).

#### § 17. OUR HOLIDAY ON THE COMPLETION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Committee of Missionaries very kindly granted us two (the Editor and the Printer of the New Testament) a holiday,—or relief from heavy and constant daily duties which had long been pressing on us both; it being also the time of the Christmas vacation with his School. And with the New Year, (1838,) we were directed to visit the Natives at the East Cape and Coast on to Poverty Bay, (then an almost unknown district,)—so we left the Bay of Islands on our voyage thither, on the 1st January, and returned on the 13th February following.—Our journey of several weeks among those hitherto unknown parts and people was a very interesting one, highly romantic in not a few instances; \* one benefit to the Press resulting therefrom I may here briefly mention, viz.,—that out of the nine youths I brought away with me from the East Coast for instruction, two of them I succeeded in training to become fairly good and useful pressmen in the following year, 1839.

#### § 18. A FEW REMARKS ON THE NEW ZEALAND LANGUAGE, AND THE CHARACTERS OR ALPHABET USED IN THIS EDITION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

When Professor Lee of Cambridge in 1820, supervised and methodically arranged the MSS. of the New Zealand language,—that "had for the most part been previously collected by Mr. Kendall, who had for several years resided as a settler in New Zealand under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society; and who, on his return to England, took two Native

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\* See Note K, Appendix.

Chiefs with him, Hongi and Waikato;"\* Professor Lee (or Mr Kendall) gave the five vowels (still retained and in common use) and twenty consonants; so making the New Zealand Alphabet to consist of 25 letters or characters,—much the same in fact as the old and common English one, with the sole exception of the letter *C*; and yet one essential sound or character was not provided for. In course of time, however, this long alphabet was found to be not required; and no less than eleven consonants were discarded,† and the alphabet correspondingly simplified.

On my leaving London in 1834, for my sphere of labour in New Zealand, I applied at the Church Missionary House for a copy of Lee's "Grammar and Vocabulary," published by them; and I was informed that I had better not study one on my way out as it was in many places incorrect; so I came away without a copy. On arriving in New Zealand, I found the language had been lately settled by the resident Missionaries; (as, also, recently used by them in some portions of Holy Scripture, prayers, and hymns, that were printed at Sydney for the Mission in 1833;) and this orthography was further adopted in the printing of the New Testament, and other early books and papers.

Still, there were grave objections to the combination of the two English consonants *n* and *g*, to represent the nasal sound, or *ng*, (as given by Kendall and Lee,) such being complex and unwieldy, when a new and much more simple character (say half of the *n* and half of the *g*) would serve, and in writing be more quickly made; this objection, however, was overruled, on its being shown, that some of the New Zealand tribes, particularly the Ngatiawa, only used the *n*, dropping the *g* sound altogether.

I was not very long in the Country before I discerned, that one more character or letter, was absolutely necessary to make the New Zealand alphabet perfect; this was early made very apparent to me while conducting the adult Maori school, as I saw from the want of it the Maoris themselves often made both ludicrous and grave mistakes in their reading in class the Sydney printed books; where the consonant *w* was made to stand and do duty both for its own simple sound of *w*, and for the more complex one of *wh*.

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\* See Preface, Lee's "Grammar and Vocabulary of the Language of New Zealand," page 1.

† These discarded consonants were B, D, F, G, J, L, S, V, X, Y, Z.



In course of time I wrote a long letter on the subject to the Committee of Missionaries, showing the need of the wanting character being supplied, and also how it might better be formed, from several printed examples in large and small letters, as, *w*', *wh*, *f*, and *v*. To my letter an official reply came from the Secretary, informing me, that the Committee of Missionaries did not see the necessity of any alteration or addition to the Maori alphabet.\*

And so the New Testament was printed according to the then established orthography.

Notwithstanding, my expressed opinion grew, and was supported by several, and among others by the Wesleyan Missionaries on the West Coast, who adopted the *wh* to represent the sound not already provided for. I had certainly preferred the more simple form of *v*, (so easily written,) which, together with *f*, had been also used by some of the Missionaries in the South Sea Islands to represent that common Polynesian sound. Subsequently, the Rev. W. Williams, and the Rev. R. Maunsell, agreed with me in this.

In 1842, the Bishop of New Zealand, Dr. Selwyn, arrived in New Zealand, accompanied by his Chaplain, Rev. W. C. Cotton and others; and in the following year (1843), a Printer having arrived at Paihia from the Society in England to take charge of the Mission Press, I went to reside with them at St. John's College, Te Waimate. They had seen the letter I had previously written to the Committee of Missionaries, and agreed with it; and as the Bishop had a very small printing-press and type of his own, at which small notices, bills, leaflets, and single pages, were frequently printed in Maori, (though not by me,) Mr. Cotton adopted the *w* with an apostrophe (thus, '*w*'), to indicate the wanting character for that particular sound, and a type was struck at Home at Mr Cotton's expense, to represent it, and in course of time used there at the Bishop's press. For my part, however, I never cordially approved of it, as it was not so simple as the *v*, and not quickly written, the accent-like apostrophe might be easily broken off, and it was opposed to all established Polynesian alphabets. In subsequent years that new character was abandoned and the *wh* adopted, which has long ago become general and fixed, as we now have it.

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\* See Note L, Appendix.

In concluding this section of my paper on the orthography of the Maori language, I would give an extract or two from Cook, and also from Forster,—the talented German *savant* who accompanied him on his second voyage to the South Seas, and who did so much under great difficulties. The marvel with me has ever been that Cook and his party on the whole managed so well as they did, which must mainly be attributed to their having the Tahitian native Tupaea with them as *quasi* interpreter. Capt. Cook says, in his genuine racy way :—

“It is the genius of the New Zealand language to put some article before a noun, as we do *the* or *a*; the articles used here were generally *he* or *ko*: it is also common here to add the word *ōēia* after another word, as an iteration, especially if it is an answer to a question; as we say, yes indeed; to be sure; really; certainly: this sometimes led our gentlemen into the formation of words of an enormous length, judging by the ear only, without being able to refer each sound to its signification. An example will make this perfectly understood:—In the Bay of Islands is a remarkable one, called by the natives *Matuaro*. One of our gentlemen having asked a native the name of it, he answered, with the particle, *Komatuaro*; the gentleman hearing the sound imperfectly, repeated his question, and the Indian repeating his answer, added *ōēia*, which made the word *Komatuaroōēia*; and thus it happened that in the logbook I found *Matuaro* transformed into *Cumettiwarroweia*: and the same transformation, by the same means, might happen to an English word.” [Of which he gives examples.] — *Voyages*, vol. iii, p. 476 (original 4to. edition).

Unfortunately, however, similar errors still continue here among us! notwithstanding their settled, plain, written, and printed tongue.—

I have often been struck, some 40–45 years ago with the close phonetic rendering of many Maori names of Birds, Fishes, &c., by the two Forsters (father and son), and with the large amount of patient toil they must have experienced in taking them down; albeit their orthography, at first sight, abounding in harsh double consonants, looks very barbarous, and is anything but tempting: also, with those of Lesson and other Naturalists belonging to the French Discovery Expeditions of 50–60 years ago. Of course their orthography varies much from the far simpler one adopted in rendering the Maori tongue into writing; still it is such that I could have beneficially used in my early enquiries among the Maoris, which is more than can

be said of many (so-called) Maori names more recently written and published too in this country! A few of those old Maori names of Birds I will give here from Forster, as a curiosity. It will be seen that he, in many instances, adds the indefinite article (*he* = *a*) to the name of the Bird, and uses *g* and *gh*, hard for *k*:—

English Name.	Maori Name.	Maori Name from Forster.
Sparrow-hawk .....	Karearea .....	Kari-area.
Owl .....	Ruru .....	Herooroo.
Kingfisher .....	Kotare .....	Ghotarre.
Parson-bird .....	Tui .....	Toi.
Bell-bird .....	Kopara .....	Heghobarra.
Thrush .....	Koropio .....	Golobieo.
Fantail Flycatcher .....	Piwakawaka .....	Diggowaghwagh : (Piouakouaka, <i>Less.</i> )
Robin .....	Toittoi .....	Ghatoitto.
Pigeon .....	Kereru .....	Hagarreroo.
Plover .....	Tuturuwatu .....	Doodooroo-attoo
Blue Heron .....	Matuku .....	Matook : (Matoucou, <i>Less.</i> )
Paradise Duck .....	Putangitangi .....	Pooduggchiedugghie.
Duck .....	Parera .....	He-Parerra.

#### § 19. OF PAY AND RATIONS, VIZ., MONEY AND FOOD.

I have in this paper said a little about pay (to Maoris and American pressmen) and rations; perhaps I had better say a little more on these subjects; as, at the present day, they must appear somewhat antiquated, and my further information may serve to amuse if not interest you.

1. *Of Pay*: Money (coin) was not then in use in dealing with the Maoris, (nor indeed in dealing with whites, who were paid in Orders, which they parted with at the Stores.) With the Maoris, whether for wages or for articles brought for sale,—as pigs, fish, peaches, melons, pumpkins, potatoes, maize, *kumara* (sweet potatoes,) &c., it was invariably a matter of barter.—Sometimes, two, three, or four canoe-loads, belonging to different parties, landed and stacked on the beach, were purchased and settled for in an hour or less; at other times the purchase of a single pig brought for sale might occupy (if allowed) half a day. The Mission goods sent out for that purpose were always good useful durable articles, whether iron ware,—as axes, spades, iron pots, knives, &c., or soft goods,—as blankets, prints, calico,

shirts, trousers, caps, &c.; and as these English goods were well appreciated by the Maoris, we generally had plenty of enquirers or barterers, whenever they had produce for sale. A large and constant supply of pigs and potatoes was required by the Station. Sometimes, however, we knew what it was to want—for a season, especially in times of drought and scarcity; but the shell-fish (principally cockles) in the adjoining sea-banks, were always available and prized. At such times we had to purchase Rice and Biscuit from the Stores in the Bay for vegetable rations to our Maoris, and sometimes obtained a large lot of Yams, brought for sale from the Islands further North, for the same purpose. Pork was the only Butchers' meat known to us for many years,—the flesh of wild, or Bush pigs, and very good it was. We had also some fowls and eggs, and fish, too, occasionally, but not a full supply. Milk and butter were not to be had (by me) for many years after my arrival. The sum of 3/- per week (with simple rations) to each of my three Maori pressmen, must *now* seem ridiculously small, but it was not so considered then; indeed, it was the highest rate known. At that time, useful foreign articles of common use among the Maoris were cheap, and they, in their frugal simple way of living, did not need many; and tobacco was under 6d per lb., and not yet in common use.—

Some, perhaps, may wish to have their curiosity satisfied as to my own pay, or salary; for several years this was £30 per annum, (fixed by the Home Committee, and to commence on my arrival in New Zealand,) with rations, and a "*whare*" (small house) provided, but no furniture. I did not know anything about either pay or rations until I arrived in New Zealand; I had never enquired in England; I never cared to do so.

II. *Of Rations*.—The rations furnished us, consisted of five principal foreign articles, viz. Flour, tea, sugar, salt, and soap, and whale-oil and ball-cotton wick for a small (shilling) japanned hand-lamp; and also two Maori articles of food—potatoes and pork. The weekly allowance of foreign rations was very small, and generally served-out every half-year; it was said to have been the same in quantity as the convicts' allowance in Sydney; a single ration not being sufficient for one person (as in my own case), but a number coming together—as in a large family where all received rations, did better. I have still an official

note of January, 1836, from the Secretary Committee of Missionaries, informing me, (in reply to my note respecting the smallness of the rations issued,) that my future "ration of sugar was increased from 1lb. to 1½lb., and of tea from 2oz. to 3oz. per week;" the sugar served out was only the soft brown kind, and not unfrequently obtained from Tahiti. Some, or most of those rations were charged high,\* i.e., in one's wanting any quantity *beyond* what was allowed;—this was done, not to make any profit, but to meet heavy extra expenses and loss. Flour, for instance, when made from wheat grown on the Society's farm at Te Waimate was nearly double the price of the same article when imported from Sydney for the use of the Mission; and we were, in a measure, obliged to take it! The extra price for Flour from the Church Mission Farm, arose in part from the fact, of it being carted thence to Kerikeri across a rough country and no roads, there to be stored, and from Kerikeri to Paihia by boat or small vessel; all which additional charges for land and water carriage were added to that of growing and grinding the wheat.

## § 20. CONCLUSION.

Having thus briefly and somewhat disjointedly brought together and placed before you a truthful relation of matters pertaining to the Introduction of the noble art of Printing into New Zealand—the future "Britain of the South,"—I cannot lay down my pen without making a few final observations.—

1. It seemed almost natural,—in this year of universally observed "Jubilee"—that I, having been so long and closely connected with the "Divine Art," and having also survived the many who were my early co-workers in this Land fifty years ago!—that I should be desirous of placing on record at this period what I knew concerning the Press,—its birth and early yet slow growth, under many peculiar hardships and difficulties; which, however, have long ceased to exist; and which, were they not recorded, could never be conjectured. And all this, I fancy, will be more truly and fully appreciated a hundred years hence, than it can possibly be now.

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\* I quote from an official memo., sent to me:—"Flour, 6d per lb.; Tea, 3/- do.; Soap, 9d. do.; Sugar, 6d. do.; Pork (fresh), 3d. do., and (salt) 4d. do."

2. I have often looked back with much pleasure to the period of my long connection with the Church Mission and *first* Press in New Zealand; and at the quality the usefulness and the amount of the work issued from it. Notwithstanding it was a time of heavy labours and of much anxiety. The Press rightly used is a mighty power for good, none greater; but it is too often used in the opposite direction; and then, alas! the truthfulness of the old adage is again clearly shown and seen,—*“corruptio optimi pessima.”*—

3. In my coming to reside in Hawke's Bay in 1844, I brought hither with me a small Albion Press and types, which I again found to be of great service; though, having a people scattered over a very large district to attend to, with its consequent heavy travelling on foot, there being then no roads, I could not use my little press so much as I wished.

4. Happily there is no need for any one at the present day to attempt a panegyric on the Art of Printing, or the diffusion of light and knowledge through the Press; one might just as well vainly venture

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
Or add another hue unto the rainbow.”—

Yet, the words of an eminent Printer of the beginning of this century, may, I think, be here aptly quoted, in connection with the advent of Printing into this (then) dark Land; (words used by him in vividly portraying the contrast between what existed in the days of the dark ages and the great and sudden change that attended the invention of the Art of Printing; )—

—“No sooner did this bright luminary [the Press] burst upon Europe than its brilliant rays, like the meridian sun, not only enlightened and invigorated mankind, but also dispelled the murky clouds which had for ages cemented the bands of Ignorance and Superstition.” And again:—“For our own parts, we never think of the benefits conferred on mankind by this Art, but we feel our bosoms swell with admiration of the Divine Being for this inestimable blessing.”—JOHNSON: *“Typographia,”* vol. i, preface, pp. i and xii.

And heartily supporting those truthful noble words and sentiments, with them I close my Paper.

P.S. Printed books and papers, letters, locality map, sketches illustrative, accounts, &c., mentioned, or alluded to in this Paper, were all exhibited at the meeting of the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute.

## APPENDIX.

### Note A, page 7.

Having mentioned my printing for the Colonial Government on the formation of the Colony, I may here briefly relate a few circumstances in connexion with the same. My work began in January, 1840,—immediately on the arrival of H.M.S. “Herald,” Capt. Nias, bringing Capt. Hobson, R.N., our first Governor,—and continued at intervals throughout that year. During the time it lasted my life was truly a heavy one—doubly laborious! and though in good health and strong and willing I was well-nigh worn-out, and obliged at last to inform the Government, (officially through the Committee of Missionaries,) that I could not do any more public printing for them; as much of our Mission printing was sadly in arrear, &c. During that year the new Governor resided at Okiato, (about three miles up the inner S.E. arm of the harbour from Paihia, and on the opposite shore,) where also were the Government offices; but many of their chief officers dwelt in different places on the neighbouring shores of the Bay where they could find suitable residence. A curious circumstance occurred in the printing of one of the Proclamations of the Government, viz., that proclaiming British Sovereignty over all the Islands of New Zealand, which ran thus;—“extending from 34° 30' North to 47° 10' South latitude,” &c. I duly executed the order, and subsequently pointed out to them what I deemed to be an error—*North* for *South*! Soon after that Proclamation was set aside, and a new and corrected one issued. One of the last works I executed for the Government was the printing of the *first* Government Gazette issued in the Colony, (December, 1840,) in four pages, demy 4to.,—but without the Royal Arms. For all that I did for the Government I never received any pay or recompense whatever from them, neither anything extra from the Church Missionary Society; but I did receive a very handsome letter of thanks, wholly written by Governor Hobson himself,—although at that time from long illness and injury to his arm he was scarcely able to write.

### Note B, page 8.

In the early days of the Church Mission in New Zealand, it was absolutely necessary to have a quantity of goods stored for the use of the various scattered Mission Stations, and for barter with the Maoris—wherewith to obtain daily food, &c. At that

time and for long after there were neither stores nor shops in the land, and communication with England, or even with Sydney, was very rare, and not to be depended on. And as the Maori tribal wars were frequent and severe, it was needful to have a secure building in a suitable situation to contain the Mission goods; hence the large general Mission Store was erected at the head of the Kerikeri river. It was strongly built of stone on the bank of the river, and was quite a massy structure; certainly in those early days it had a very imposing appearance from there being no other building like it in all New Zealand; its white Sydney sandstone facings being, also, such a contrast to its dark-blue stone walls. It was especially striking in rowing up the long and desolate river, (not a house nor even a Maori plantation nor fishing-village on both its sides,) and coming suddenly upon it on rounding the last bend only a little distance ahead. The doors were very thick and strong, reminding me of those of a prison or a fort; and the windows were also well-secured on the inside with strong iron bars; so that on the whole it was pretty safe both from sudden Maori attack and from fire. The Kerikeri river is navigable for vessels of 100 tons to within three or four miles of the Station, and for small craft (such as the Mission Cutter) close up to the wharf alongside the Store. It was in this building that the Bishop of New Zealand, Dr. Selwyn, securely stored his large and valuable Library during his residence of three years at Te Waimate.

Note C, page 11.

The British Resident, Mr. James Busby, resided in his own house at Waitangi, Bay of Islands; this was about two miles by the sea-beach from the Mission Station at Paihia, with a small navigable tidal river between, and he had no neighbours. A Maori Chief of middle rank had taken offence for some small matter, (an easy and common thing in those days!) and Maori-like was determined to have his revenge. So, one night, he crept stealthily through the garden up to the house with his loaded musket, and squatted in the front verandah; and having, as he thought, exactly determined Mr. Busby's position (who was sitting writing at his table in his parlour,) from the shadow cast from the lamp on to the window-blind, he took steady aim and fired at his head! the shadow, however, being both enlarged and raised, the ball, fortunately, passed a little above his head, and lodged in the plaster of the wall of the room. The would-be manslayer then returned to his people and village, not very far off; he was, however, soon known, as he did not attempt to conceal it, rather the contrary. The evil deed naturally caused a great deal of disquietude among the unprotected white residents scattered throughout the Bay; and no small number of meetings and amount of inflamed talk with the friendly Maoris. Mr. Busby





Between Paia and Waitangi.  
*With Paia appearing in the foreground.*

H.B. HERALD LITHO.



bore it all very well; and eventually a block of land lying between Waitangi and Te Waimate was publicly ceded to the British Government as a kind of compensation for the crime.

Note D, page 12.

His kind note which came with them is so highly characteristic of him, that I am tempted to make an extract from it.—

“Waimate, March 14th, 1836.

“My dear Friend,

“I herewith send you twelve chapters of Matthew, and will endeavour to have more in readiness very shortly. . . . While employed in your own particular department you will have the comfort of knowing, that you are fulfilling one of the most important parts of the work, a work without which the rest will be paralysed. I trust when you see the result of your own labours in the hands of the natives, knowing the blessing that must follow, you will be able to rejoice with a joy which will not be intermeddled with. The Missionary body in New Zealand hang together as members of one body, and you may depend upon it, that so far as you are concerned, the rest of the members will do their utmost, not only to remove every difficulty, but to render every assistance which is practicable.

“Wishing you more encouragement in your work, and hoping that we may rejoice together over it,

“I remain, Yours most truly,

(signed) “W. WILLIAMS.”

“Mr. Colenso,

Paihia.”

Note E, page 13.

And not only for such a reason as is there assigned. More than once during the printing of the New Testament my household Maori lads (or young men) left me, unexpectedly and suddenly, and that without notice or warning. This, however, was mainly owing to their belonging to the neighbouring tribes and villages. I well recollect on one occasion in particular, (in January 1837,) how I was served by them, and how I also managed to turn the tables upon them! it is worth relating. One morning after School and breakfast, I left my dwelling-house for the Printing-office, as usual; giving directions to the man-cook to get ready the simple dinner. It had so happened that morning, that I had been obliged to say a few words to one of my rowers, (a high-minded young chief named Hatete, lately come to reside with me from his tribe at Waioomio—a village a few miles beyond Te Kawakawa.) On my return to my house at the dinner hour, I found all hands had vanished! taking all their clothing and blankets with them, leaving behind on the table a very laconic note, containing these words,—“*E mara, kua riro matou: hei kona ra.*” (= O Sir, we are gone: remain in peace.) Disappoint-

ment and vexation having subsided ; I found, they had not gone away by water in a canoe, the usual course, therefore I surmised they had gone to the *pa* (village) at Te Kawakawa by an overland route, a long hilly and difficult way, little known and rarely ever used, one which they could not possibly travel over in a single day, and there were no intermediate villages, so I laid my plan accordingly. The next morning early I started in my whale-boat, with four Maori rowers, kindly lent me by Mr Baker, for Te Kawakawa, and arrived there at the *pa* just after the runaways! who were then relating their escapade in a crowded circle of their own people. And so intent were all hands to listen, that no one saw me until I made my *debut* suddenly among them. (This I had contrived, on nearing the upper landing-place with almost muffled oars ; my Maori crew entering heartily into the plan ; as I feared if the alarm was given (they having arrived before me), they would have secreted themselves or gone farther.) I did not speak to them, at first, but to the chiefs and people, and it ended well,—in matters being cordially made up between us, and in my bringing them back with me in my boat to Paihia, where we arrived late at night. The next morning at the School, their appearance caused much derision. To the credit of their fathers and the old chiefs they all gave them good advice, and roundly took my part, as by the runaways' own showing I had done them no harm, and still further (as the chiefs said) I was engaged for them all on that great work the printing of the Maori New Testament. My prompt and effective acting on that occasion stood me in good service afterwards. All the New Zealand Missionaries had frequently to contend (or rather, put up) with conduct of this kind on the part of Maori domestics (both male and female) and workmen. Such, too, was sometimes shown when it could not well or readily be met or borne ;—even by a guide in an unknown part of the country, as I have too often proved. That "*pokanoa*" (as it was well and expressively termed) = sudden and entire change of mind, or work, without cause ; mutability, fickleness ;—was a well-known trait of the Maori character, and far too common among themselves.—

#### Note F, page 16.

One day I had to cross the Bay to Kororareka, purposely to bury one of those poor fellows whom I had known, and who was drowned in attempting to ford this river in his way to the Bay from Te Waimate. I myself have had to swim across at various times ; and on one occasion in particular had a very unpleasant time of it. I was returning to Paihia from Te Waimate, on foot, and on my arrival at the river I saw it was under flood, the water being also muddy. I did not like to go back to Te Waimate, as my day had been fixed for my return to Paihia, and I feared I could not carry all my clothing over on my head

dry,—it being however the summer season I was very thinly clad. While I was deliberating, and trying the depth of the water near me with a string and stone tied at the end of some rods, (flower-stalks of flax joined together,) a party of Maoris, men and women, (who were encamped in the neighbourhood on the opposite side,) made their appearance through the fern and scrub and squatted down on the bank of the river, watching my movements. Being strangers they would not assist me,—other than to offer to fetch my clothes and carry them across before me, which I would not agree to. It was a time of great embarrassment; the day, too, was passing, and I had many miles yet to travel,—besides the ugly dreaded WHauwhauroa crossing at low tide!) They lined the bank in the sun at the only landing-place; laughing and saying—they wanted to see how well a White-man could swim, &c., &c. As there was no alternative I prepared for the worst—a good wetting of my clothes. I cut flax leaves and tied up my clothing in a pretty compact bundle, which I fastened up so as to carry on my head, keeping my shirt loose in my straw hat. I had previously sounded the depth of the water, and, at last, entered the river backwards, and when out of depth turned and swam till near the opposite shore, when feeling the ground, I again turned, and by degrees put on my shirt, and so got to the bank,—not a little vexed with that party of Maoris; who, however, were loud in their praises (?) of “the cunning White-man;” and who, long after, said, had they but known me, or had I told them my name, they would have assisted me to cross. [To tell one’s name, at any time, was, however, not in accordance with Maori etiquette.] The great danger in crossing the New Zealand rivers in the olden time, arose from the denseness of the tangled vegetation on the banks, which also extended overhanging a long way out into the river; so that if you did not happen to hit the one narrow and worn landing-place, through the rapidity of the current, there was little chance of getting to the bank at all.

Note G, page 17.

A notable instance of this kind occurred in the summer of 1836. There had been for some time sad variance between two sub-tribes of NGapuhi, respecting the rights to a piece of waste land on the outer coast between WHangaruru and WHangarei; and at last it was agreed by both parties, to take their case to Waitangi, and there for Mr Busby, British Resident, and the Church Missionaries of Paihia, to hear and to act as umpires, and so end the quarrel. At the time fixed, a large party of Maoris assembled there, and Messrs H. Williams and C. Baker went thither from Paihia—I remaining in charge at the Station. In the afternoon their decision was given, which so exasperated the losing side, (mostly wild heathen,) that they flew to their

arms, which they had secretly brought and hidden, and fired right and left, killing two and wounding others of the other side who were unarmed. The consternation was great! The killed and wounded were brought to Paihia; one of the two killed was a fine young man of the Station, a married domestic of the Rev. H. Williams named Taha, and one of my best Maori teachers in the adult Maori School, where he had on that morning worked with me! The wounded I had to attend to, and one of them, a chief of rank from WHangarei, was shot very seriously through the groin, so that for some time his life was despaired of, but he was eventually cured, and became a Christian. He remained several weeks at Paihia in my charge. For a considerable time after that occurrence armed bodies from the wounded party and their friends came continually to Paihia, to meet, to talk, and to combine for war, to avenge their loss; but after some time, through our always meeting with them and advocating peace, we prevailed. The loss of time, however, was great, all work at a standstill.

Note H, page 17.

The interesting and pleasing visit of Daniel Wheeler and his son George, Members of the Society of Friends, in their yacht "Henry Freeling," should also be briefly noted by me, as it was both unique and of good service. These good Christian men had been making a religious visit to the various Missions in the South Sea, and were now on their return voyage to England. They arrived in the Bay of Islands in November 1836, and remained nearly two months with us; during which time they visited several of our nearer Mission Stations. D. Wheeler, being both aged and rather infirm in body, was carried by Maoris in a chair when visiting the inland Mission Stations. On one Sunday in December, according to appointment, they accompanied me in my Mission boat to Te Kawakawa, whither I went to hold Divine Service, and where D. Wheeler preached in English to the Maoris, I interpreting. It happened to be his birthday (when he attained his 65th year), and this was an extra theme of rejoicing with him. We spent a pleasant day together; a day to be remembered! As we were obliged to land at the lower landing-place owing to the state of the tide, the elder felt the long walk through the fern and scrub to the *pa* (about a mile), which also caused us to be rather late; on our return we were overtaken by rain just as we got to our boat, but we reached their vessel and the Mission Station, "all right"—save a wetting. I saw them often, and having been formerly well-acquainted at Home with Members of their Society, (also, occasionally attending their places of worship,) I was very much pleased with their visit, and they with the Printing-office and the work then in hand. Their yacht was very nicely found, and

their state-cabin or sitting-room was fitted up with an astonishing number of curious articles and natural specimens from the Islands; giving it the appearance of a Museum. I retain many pleasing recollections of their visit. They reached England in safety, and published an interesting account of their long voyage; but have both long ago been gathered to their fathers.

Not very long after they had left us, the Rev. S. Marsden with his daughter and voyaging companions arrived at Paihia; they came by the way of Hokianga and Te Waimate, and remained with us till the 4th July. On Good Friday, (about a week after Mr Marsden's arrival,) I had a very peculiar and unpleasant adventure. [I quote chiefly from my Journal.] Called on, unexpectedly, this morning, to go up the harbour to Pomare's *pa*, Otuihu, to bury a man who had been murdered by the Maoris two days before, and also buried secretly by them at the foot of the high cliff near which the *pa* stands. There were several Missionaries at this time at Paihia, who had come to see Mr Marsden, but I was told off on this errand. I went with the Captain of the American whale-ship in his boat, from the Station, he taking a coffin he had got made on board, and spades, &c., and a crew of six or seven strong seamen, the murdered man having been his steward. On landing under the cliff, I directed the seamen to disinter the body. A Maori who was there, ran up the hill to the *pa*, to inform Pomare; the Chief soon made his appearance on the brow of the farther cliff, and bawled down to stop! while I encouraged the men to proceed: they however were afraid and irresolute, half-hesitated and talked, and did not work as they should have done. I told them they were not Englishmen!—for they had soon uncovered the body, only slightly put under the earth, (or rather thrown there at the foot of the cliff and a little clay from the face of the cliff knocked down upon it,) and they might have got it easily enough on board of their boat alongside the bank in deep water. Pomare then came down to where we were, in a boiling rage! and first he vented his passion on an unfortunate European who lived there close by in a small hut, (as he had pointed out to us the spot where the body lay,) and not content with striking him, persisted in driving him into the sea! Meanwhile, the crew had taken to their boat, with their spades, leaving the coffin, and pushed off into deeper water. I saw that Pomare had been drinking, and I interfered on behalf of the poor ill-used White; this brought the chief on me. I happened to say, in our wordy dispute, that Rum had turned his head!—which, of course, was immediately magnified into a dreadful curse! and he got into a towering passion, declaring, if I were not a Missionary he would kill me! I took off my hat, and lowering my head close to him called on him to strike, &c., &c. He got worse and worse, at length demanding that the coffin should be given up to him;

this I was determined to resist and ordered the wondering crew to jump out and take it on board their boat. He demanded, "Why I dared to dig without first asking his leave?" I retorted, "Why did you, or your men, dare to murder the White-man without first asking leave of us?" He ordered me to the boat; I refused to go; he came up and gave me a shove, I retaliated with another; he repeated it, and so did I: fortunately our handy-work ended here. The Captain and crew, seeing how matters were, wished me to enter the boat, saying, they should abandon the job; on hearing this I requested them to come back, and bury the body deeper; this they did. Pomare now said, I should never again enter his *pa*; I rejoined, I would do so, and then and there that very day before I should leave. He returned slowly to his house, stopping and warning me not to follow. Of course many Maoris were now looking-on, silent spectators. I climbed the high hill, or zig-zag track up the face of the cliff, after Pomare, (much against the expressed wishes of the Captain and his boat's crew,) and went on to the entrance of his large house, and sat down on the door-step; he and many of his people were inside, and a bottle of rum was handed round, of which all hands partook. After some time, I rose to go back (as the boat was waiting for me), telling Pomare, I had fulfilled my promise. On my way down the hill, Pomare came out and called after me to take away the body; but the Captain would not have any more to do with it,—saying, they had done their duty, &c.—I learned afterwards, that the poor steward was greatly liked on board of his ship; he had only gone ashore at the *pa* (below or rather on the strand on the other side, where the grog-shops, &c., were) three days before, in the afternoon on a two-hours' leave, and was returning sober to his ship carrying a bottle of rum, which some of the Maoris seeing demanded from him; he refused to give it up, on which they pursued him and he ran into the sea, where in the end they killed him; and then, to hide their deed, dragged the body to the farther side and deposited it at the foot of the cliff, &c. The Captain, in his search after the missing steward, had gathered this (privately) from the White residents, but the Maoris of the *pa* had denied the deed, also the burial; so that it would have been useless to apply to the chief.—This was one of the *few* cases in which, during my long residence in New Zealand, (though often in danger,) I was struck by a Maori, or struck one in return; but I would never put up with a blow.—

#### Note I, page 17.

Two or three rather peculiar events that occurred during this long and dreary struggle of internecine warfare in the Bay may be mentioned; especially as such are never likely to happen again. But, in order the better to understand them,



one should first know something of the fighting ground and the position of the combatants. Several of the smaller tribes of the NGapuhi (united) were in arms against the two chiefs Pomare and Te Mauparaoa and their followers and adherents; the head quarters of the NGapuhi allies was at Kororareka (now Russell), which commanded the outer harbour; that of Pomare and Te Mauparaoa at Otuihu (where these chiefs both dwelt), an almost impregnable castellated war *pa* at the head of the narrower inner harbour, centrally situated between the two navigable estuaries of the rivers Te Kawakawa and Waikare, and commanding the whole of the inner waters, and about six miles from Kororareka. On a fine calm morning in the summer of that year (1837), at a very early hour, when the waters of the Bay were like glass, before the daily rising of the ruffling sea-breeze,—a small canoe with only one man in it was seen paddling in haste from Te Wahapu on the opposite shore of the narrow harbour (and about half the distance between Otuihu and Kororareka,) towards Waitangi on the Paihia side. This man was the (afterwards) renowned chief Hoani Heke. He had crossed over before day from his village at Te Ti on the Waitangi river, to purchase powder from the merchants' stores at Te Wahapu wherewith to carry on the fight; and the eagle eyes of the foe from their eyrie or look-out on the high *pa* at Otuihu had descried the little canoe, and rightly guessed the errand. In a twinkling Pomare's big war-canoe, being all ready at anchor, was manned, and now the exciting chase began! Heke had seen her coming, and well-knew there was no hope for him there—at Te Wahapu—among his White friends, (who also were anxious to get rid of him, knowing they were powerless to protect him;) and so he put out to sea, taking his kegs of powder with him, really paddling for dear life! I suppose there were at least sixty rowers in that fine and handsome canoe; she glided through the water like a fast steamer, only noiselessly; while those on board of her (warriors) who were well armed with guns kept up a continual and rapid fire upon the tiny cockle-shell fleeing before them. And Heke! he, too, dared to return the same; absolutely laying down his paddle now and then, and loading his piece and firing at them backwards over his shoulder—in mere defiance and bravado!! All hands in the Mission Station were out on the sea bank looking out, expecting every moment to see him struck with the balls playing around him; and feeling sure he could not possibly escape from the fleet war-canoe rushing after him; death seemed imminent—certain. But when the war-canoe had come down into the more open harbour, clearing the peninsula Toretore beyond Te Wahapu, and getting abreast of Kororareka, the NGapuhi there, hearing the firing and seeing what was up, had speedily man-

ned their canoes, and came out to the rescue and the attack; when Pomare wisely returned. From an entry in my Journal, I find, that shortly after this, the NGapuhi tribes went up one morning in 36 canoes and boats to attack Otuihu; they landed there and fought, and several were killed and wounded on both sides; among them some head chiefs of note. In the evening they returned to Kororareka, bringing off their own dead and wounded, and also the bodies (chopped up warm and divided among them) of two chiefs of their foes, killed in that day's fight, who had only the day before arrived at Otuihu from the interior to join Pomare; both, too, were good friends of mine. For one of them, in particular, Te Koukou, I felt very much; for he had recently received me and my travelling party of Christian Maoris very hospitably, on my visiting his *pa* for the first time in my returning overland from WHangarei to the Bay; and had also then given in his adherence to Christianity. Hearing that the Maoris at Te Ti (near us), had got an arm and shoulder of Te Koukou as their *share* of that war-spoil! I walked there early the next morning and induced the chiefs to give them up to me,—the mischievous and brave chief Te Kemara, himself climbing the tall *Karaka* tree to bring them down; to my surprise the whole arm, &c., was still supple! (Te Kemara was a little lithe nimble fellow, though of middle-age, and being fully and closely tattooed so as to be almost black, he always reminded me, when in heroics! (and he just could roll his eyes and grimace!) of one of Dante's demons—in *Inferno*!/) I subsequently saw at Kororareka, other and sickening portions of Te Koukou's body, hacked and stuck up on the *tabooed* temporary fence erected around the body of the great chief Pi, of the Mahurehure tribe, also slain the same day in that fight; Pi with his people had come over from Hokianga on the West Coast to join NGapuhi in the fight. The body of Pi was laid out in great state, &c., &c.; and as I had visited this large party of allies on their arrival at the Bay, while they were encamped at Waitangi, (before they crossed over to Kororareka,) and addressed them as to possible consequences, I now went inside the sacred enclosure, (much to the dislike of many of the Maoris present,) and took my stand close to the dead chief's body, and there told them my mind.—To narrate the whole scene and what took place on this sad occasion would take too long. However, I could not prevail on them to give me the fragments of Te Koukou, all I could obtain was, a promise they should not be cooked and eaten; but two of the head chiefs of Kororareka, Rewa and Te WHarerahi, gave up the portions in their possession for burial.—

Several attacks were made at Otuihu by the united NGapuhi, who had always several miles of water to cross before they could begin operations; sometimes they turned out twice in the week; while Pomare and his party kept in their *pa* and never once ventured to return the aggression by attacking his foes at Kororareka; yet he did go down more than once into the Bay of Kororareka, in his fine war-canoe, and there blaze away—but not within gun-shot. During this long war we (the Missionaries) had often tried in vain to bring about a peace between the belligerents. The great obstacle, at *first* and for some time, being, that the scales could never be made equi-pollent; as, according to Maori custom, peace could never be brought about until this was accomplished or nearly so,—losses on both sides must be made square or equal. On the one day the NGapuhi side were the heavy losers in fighting; on a subsequent day the other side were so, too—and beyond what was required! and so it went on.—

One day in particular, towards the end of the war, when (it was said) a decisive assault was to be made by the NGapuhi, I accompanied the Rev. H. Williams in his Mission-boat to the fighting-ground. Our boat pulled up the harbour to Opuā, where we landed on the little beach, and walked out over the rocks to the bold cliff, whence we had a full view of Otuihu on the opposite shore directly before us about half a mile distant. The NGapuhi had previously landed on both sides of the narrow arm of the harbour, and taken up their position on the two jutting headlands,—one at Opuā where we two were, and the one nearly opposite, Oropā,—where they swarmed on the exposed ridges. A large amount of musket-firing was kept up on both sides, but very little harm was done, owing to the two parties being too distant from each other. We two were pretty safe, being partly sheltered by the steep rocky headland and by the large overhanging *Pohutukawa* trees that grew there, while with our glasses we could easily watch Otuihu. Pomare's people made some slight advance towards their foes in canoes, from which they kept firing as well as from the cliffy brow of their *pa* above, but only now and then balls fell among or near the NGapuhi. While this was being carried on a rare thing happened: a reckless bravo (*toa*=warrior) paddled fearlessly from Otuihu towards the NGapuhi in a little dingy—or very small canoe (*kopapa*) suited for one or, at most, two persons; he actually came over into the open water in the midst of those two headlands, nearly abreast of us two on the rocky point, between the two bands of NGapuhi! and there he openly defied them in his song, brandishing his paddle, and turning round put his head down in his canoe and smacked his naked posteriors at them!! which done he paddled back to his party *unhurt*, singing as he went.

The NGapuhi showered balls at him from both ridges; they fell around him like hail, splashing the water around him, but he escaped; I don't think his canoe was hit. It seemed to me as if the fellow really had a charmed life; it was one of the most coolly sustained fool-hardy doings I ever witnessed. We both made sure he must be killed, and marvelled much at his escape, while the NGapuhi were very savage over it; at the same time setting it down to the efficacy of the *karakia* (=spells) which had been used, and on which he had relied. They, also, had both seen and heard of similar feats having been performed before—in the olden time.—

On that day, too, I watched some of the NGapuhi side (raw recruits?) load and fire off their guns, mostly old flint-and-steel muskets; some actually held their pieces nearly vertical and turned away their faces when they fired; while some, in their haste, fired away their ramrods! one, who was very near me, in loading bit off the end of his cartridge and cast it down; seeing it was a printed scrap (a most rare thing! for there were no common Newspapers then, and I never allowed a bit of printed (or waste) paper to go out,) I took it up and on untwisting it found it to be a portion of a leaf of an English Bible, and to my astonishment containing these words—"How long have I to live?" (2 Sam. xiii, 34.) I showed it to Mr. Williams who was equally surprised. I afterwards heard at Kororareka of some books having been stolen by the Maoris there for the purpose of making cartridges, and among them was a Bible; paper of all kinds being then with them very scarce.—

I have mentioned, above, what was at *first* the cause that hindered peace being made; and afterwards—when both sides were pretty well tired of the costly and savage game at which they had been so long playing, and the general planting season near,—the *second* obstacle was the demand made by the NGapuhi, that Pomare should cede to them certain lands on the adjoining Waikare estuary. A day was, at length, fixed for a meeting at Otuihu and fully discussing the terms of peace, when all the Missionaries then in the Bay district went up to Otuihu in the big Mission boat, having a white table-cloth flying at the mast-head as a Peace standard; several neutral (or related) Maori Chiefs also going thither in their canoes; there we spent that day in endeavouring to bring matters to meet—but, again, in vain! as Pomare would not yield any land for that purpose, having had also a large number of killed and wounded on his side. Notwithstanding, peace was firmly made within a fortnight from that visit; and about the same length of time after the Rev. S. Marsden's last departure from New Zealand.—

## Note J, page 21.

I have said, that silver and gold coin was very scarce,—in fact, not required. I never had any; a few small coins (silver and copper) I had happened to have on my landing in New Zealand remained unused in my desk for many years. All our monetary requirements were met by small Orders, which were in high request at the few Merchants' Stores, as by-and-by when they made up a pretty large amount they were exchanged for Bills on the Society in London. The only coins I saw for several years (and then only casually and in the possession of others,) were dollars in silver and doubloons in gold. The American dollars however, were much sought after by some of the Storekeepers; those of Mexico bearing a greater exchange value than those of the United States.

## Note K, page 23.

On the 1st January we left the Bay in the Mission Schooner "Columbine"; on the 4th we anchored inside of Tauranga harbour (under Maunganui), and remained on shore till the 12th, visiting the various *pas* there—Maungatapu, Otumoetai, &c., in which were a great number of Maoris some of whom I had formerly seen at Paihia. Here I gained some curious information from old priests. On the 12th we recommenced our voyage, and landed at WHarekahika (Hicks' Bay) on the 16th, there we found Te Houkamaui, one of the principal Chiefs of the East Coast district, with a number of his people. I should, perhaps, here mention, that on our leaving the vessel, (which was to proceed to Poverty Bay and there await our arrival overland, by the Coast,)—the steward and others *cried*! saying "They should never see us again!" Such was their opinion of the East Coast Maoris (from the East Cape Southwards), who had long borne a bad name for being treacherous to shipping and to seamen visiting their shores. From Hicks' Bay we travelled on by the Coast to the Valley of Waiapu; astonished at several things both natural and artificial we there saw. 1. the large amount of *grassy* plains and hills wholly unknown at the North: 2. the immense size and strength of their war *pas*, closely filled with houses: 3. the great number of the people, all healthy. We also noticed the absence of some of the commoner and picturesque trees of the North,—especially the shore-loving *Maanawa* (= Mangrove), and the *Pohutukawa*; the *Kauri*, too, was not seen inland in the forests.

We halted at Rangitukia, a very large and well-built *pa*, where we stayed a few days. Soon after our tents were pitched in an open space or square within it, we found that we could not get outside for any purpose! the Maoris were

so numerous, forming a compact mass of many hundreds—men, women, and children,—all eager to satisfy their curiosity and see and observe the White-man! At last we were obliged to appeal to the head chief, to have a way of egress and ingress left open to us, and he repeatedly spoke to his people, but in vain; the foremost ranks being hemmed in by those in the rear; (for all the world such as I had formerly seen in a dense London mob.) At length, and as a last resource, the Chief threw off his fine dress mat garment, and went naked to work! rushing up and butting like a ram against the people, who were soon tumbling all of a heap on all sides—mainly from the fear and dread of being touched by his head, which, of course, would make them *tapu* (=sacred) for a season, and so be attended by disagreeable consequences of privation to themselves. However he succeeded in clearing a way for us,—though many high words followed, used by other chiefs of note who were also overthrown pell-mell in the *melee*!

From Rangitukia we went further up the Waiapu Valley to WHakawhitira, a very large *pa*, the largest by far that I (or we) had ever seen. Its fence was also three-fold, the massy and combined outer one being twenty-five to thirty feet high; its main posts consisting of entire and straight trees denuded of their bark, with large carved full-length human figures painted red on their tops,—of these figures there were above a hundred. During our stay there, we measured, by stepping, one of the sides of this *pa*, and found it to be more than a mile in length! and the huge carved figures we ascertained to be more than six feet high, with their heads fully and deeply tattooed;—this we proved from one that had been broken off and fallen, and placed upright below its big post. I took a sketch of this *pa* (as I had also done of Rangitukia) which I still have.

While at Tokomaru (the large *pa* at the North end of that bay), being tired of cliff climbing and beach walking (there being no footpaths nor tracks along the coast from one *pa* to another,) we gladly accepted the offer of the chiefs to take us by canoe to Uawa (Tolaga Bay); so, one morning we left Tokomaru *pa* in a big canoe well-manned; but the sea rose high before we had gained the southern headland of the bay, and for some time it was doubtful whether we should be able to round it—or ever land again, for we were in great danger. Apart from our perilous situation, it was truly a magnificent sight! to see those big ocean billows breaking on the rocks around, and our little bark threading her winding way in the hollows between them. The chiefs, seeing the danger, held a short consultation, whether to go on or to attempt to return to Tokomaru; I believe they would have

returned, but they feared to attempt turning the canoe in the great swell we were in lest it should be upset. I was never more impressed with the admirable skill at navigation possessed by the Maori! how readily the rowers (or paddlers) obeyed every command given by the skilled steersman, and how regularly and ably they wrought! The chiefs, too, and the *Kai-tuki* (=singer of canoe-songs—which is done both to encourage the paddlers and to enable them to keep time,) retained their standing positions in the canoe and never flinched! On rounding the headland we landed in a delightful little cove, called Te Mawhai, having a curious looking high pillared rock just at its entrance, and there launching a still bigger canoe (which was hauled up high and dry and protected under a long covered shed,) we started afresh for Uawa. On arriving at the bar at the mouth of the river, most of our crew jumped overboard and holding-on took us over the bar in safety. I need not remark how glad we were to get safely on shore; but merely on account of the dangers we had passed, but from being cramped up in the canoe during our very long day's paddling—I suppose quite forty miles! While stopping here I conversed with old chiefs who had seen Capt. Cook and his ships when at anchor here in this bay.

I may also mention, that all along the Coast, in many places, we saw small rafts hauled up above high-water mark, each being eight or ten feet long and three or four feet wide, composed of only a few small poles, roughly and distantly but very strongly lashed together with open spaces between them. On these the East Coast Maoris went out to fish in deep-water, one on each; and also, (when opportunity offered) to a ship with a pig, or two, fastened to the raft! They said, these rafts were quite safe, more so indeed than a small or middle-size canoe, as there was no danger of upsetting.

We were nearly a fortnight in reaching Poverty Bay from our leaving the ship, and great was the joy of our shipmates when they saw us! having given us up. After staying some time at this bay, visiting its neighbouring *pas* and villages, we left on our return to the Bay of Islands, visiting also Tauranga (a second time) and the upper Thames (Waiheke, &c.,) on our voyage back.—

I have already mentioned my bringing back with me to Paihia nine youths and young men for Instruction, &c.; two of them became useful pressmen, and served well in the Printing-office. At that period the Rev. Dr. John Dunmore Lang (of Sydney), arrived at the Bay, where he stayed some time on the opposite shore of the harbour; during which he once visited the Mission Station at Paihia. It so happened that I alone was at home on that day and so received him at my house; he sat some time with me, made several

enquiries, and partook of refreshments; when he expressed a wish to see the Printing-office, of which he had heard; on our going thither and entering it, he manifested great astonishment and pleasure at seeing the two young Maori pressmen at work, and that, too, by themselves alone in the office. I mention this little incident here, because when Dr. Lang published his account of his visit to the Bay of Islands, he not only said a few unkind things in it of the Church Mission in the Bay, (which he had gathered from the idle and their associates at the port of Kororareka,) but he also carefully abstained from mentioning this circumstance, at which he had showed so much satisfaction, or even alluding to it!

I may further remark, that one of those young Maoris learned to write before that he could read! and so, sometimes, wrote to his relations and tribe down South. Maoris in our Station School generally learned to read well (beginning with A) in six months; they privately diligently conned their one book in spare hours and in wet weather. In the reading-classes in school there was generally great attention and emulation shown to catch one of the older scholars making a mistake—and so taking him down, to which they always good-humouredly submitted.

Another circumstance I should also mention, as forcibly showing the great power of the mind and feelings (superstitious imagination) over a strong healthy man. And this, I have ever believed, is the root of that fearful power formerly so very prevalent among them, and so greatly dreaded, under the name of *maakutu* (=deadly spells and witchcraft); of which even Settlers of to-day have also heard something. Not very long after our return to the Bay of Islands, a serious epidemic suddenly became common, among Whites as well as Maoris and some of the former and many of the latter died after only a very short illness. The attack began with common feverish symptoms, severe headache and determination of blood to the head, soon followed by swelled and sore throat, which quickly carried off the sufferer. I myself was attacked, and indeed brought very low—all but entirely given up! My Maori lads (now eleven in number) were all naturally very anxious about me, and scarcely cared to cook food for themselves, or to eat; at the same time they were all well and had escaped this sickness. On the last day of my very severe illness, when it was known that the crisis was at hand; one of those young men whom I had brought from Tologa Bay,—a stout, strong, healthy, able, fearless Maori,—who was much attached to me,—fully believed that I should die that night; he would not be consoled by nor even listen to the Missionaries present, neither by the Doctor, Ford, who also attended



closely on him, and by the next morning he, poor fellow! was dead,—and the unfavourable crisis was also passed with me. Dr. Ford always maintained, that there was nothing whatever ailing him physically, on the contrary he was perfectly healthy; it was solely the effects of his imagination!! in which I concurred. Possibly, had he been allowed to *see me*, in my bed, he might have recovered. I have also known of cases somewhat similar occurring among the Maoris; but this is the more striking from the fact, that it was not the fear of *maakutu* falling on the sufferer himself, but on another to whom he was attached.—

Note L, page 25.

On several occasions in former years I had brought this matter, of a new consonant being required for the New Zealand language, before the Committee of Missionaries, but always without anything definite being settled about it. Again, in July, 1841, at their half-yearly meeting, in an official letter to their Secretary, I made the following request (among several others):—

“9. An order, authorizing the adoption of an additional consonant, in order that the deficiency still existing of some character to represent the “*wh*” sound,—a subject of material and increasing consequence,—may be, without any further delay, supplied.”—

The reply was,—“Wait a little, until we consult Rev. W. Williams:” (who was then residing at Poverty Bay.)

In September of that year I also wrote to him on this subject; from his letter in reply I make the following extract:—

—“With regard to the orthography of words beginning with “*w*,” and the propriety of making a distinction to mark the “*wh*” sound; I have to make the following observations:—

“If the general opinion be in favor of an alteration which would doubtless make reading easier to an Englishman beginning the language, I do not object to a change. Should such be the decision of the collective wisdom of North and South, I would suggest that your proposal of the letter “*v*” be adopted to make the “*wh*” sound. I have not heard on the subject from the Northern District Secretary. Perhaps an accented “*w*” would be more appropriate, and would do less violence to the orthography.—Turanga, Sept. 7, 1841.”

Time rolled by, and another year was half through; and as nothing had been done by the Northern District Committee of Missionaries in this matter, at their subsequent half-yearly Meeting in January, 1842, (and as the Rev. W. Williams did not now meet with them, he belonging to the Southern District,)—in June, 1842, I wrote the following letter to their Secretary:—

"My dear Sir

"Paihia, June 13, 1842.

"I enclose for the consideration of the Committee a few printed Maori sentences, as a specimen of certain proposed alterations, which, for some time past, have been had in contemplation by different individuals who have given their attention to the Native language; one of which, it is thought, it is highly expedient should be adopted with as little delay as possible.

"I believe that it is *now* very generally conceded, by all parties understanding the Native tongue and competent to give an opinion thereon, that some character is still wanting to represent that sound in such common use, and hitherto known in oral communication by the combined consonants "*wh*." Believing this, it is not my intention to say anything further on the *necessity* of selecting some character to represent the same.

"Among several characters that have been from time to time proposed by different persons, to convey the idea of the sound under consideration, the following are the principal;—viz. the "*wh*," (which has been lately partially adopted by the Wesleyan Missionaries in their books, and by the Rev. R. Maunsell in his "*Grammar*,")—the inverted comma "*‘*",—the apostrophe "*’*",—the "*f*",—and the "*v*". Printed sentences, containing these characters, I now lay before the Committee, on whom it will devolve to say,—which shall be chosen to distinguish this peculiar and hitherto undistinguished sound.

"I beg, also, to offer a few remarks, which I venture to hope may not prove altogether unworthy the attention of the Committee.

1. "That the "*wh*," though at present in partial use, being two consonants is at variance with the universally acknowledged fundamental rule of all the Polynesian dialects—of no two consonants without a vowel between. If, however, it be urged, that the "*wh*" is here to be considered as only *one* character, then it will, of course, have to stand in the Alphabet under its own proper name; and therefore,—from its possessing a heavy inelegant appearance, from its taking up much room in printing (owing to its size), and much time in writing from its complex shape,—I think it should be rejected.

2. "That the character wanted being intended to represent a true and distinct consonant-sound, and not merely the lengthening nor the shortening of a sound already produced by any one of the present number of consonants, the proposed addition of an inverted comma, or apostrophe, to the "*w*," would not be at all adequate to the thing required. Besides which, either is liable to the same objection as that already adduced against the "*wh*,"—the being at variance

with all the printed Polynesian dialects. To say nothing of the very hiatus-like appearance which such marks always impart to printed pages, particularly in long words and with large type.

3. "That in my proposing the "*v*" to represent the character in question, it has been borne in mind,—1. that it is already in use in several of the Polynesian dialects;—2. that it is a small and neat, and (in writing) a quickly-formed character;—3. that the Rev. J. Hobbs (at present the Wesleyan Superintendent,) has promised to use his influence in getting the "*v*" substituted for the "*wh*," (now used by them,) should the Church Missionary Committee of Missionaries adopt it;—4. that the Rev. R. Maunsell has informed me, that he intends using it for the future in his "Grammar," now in course of printing at Auckland, and which will doubtless (if not already in use) be adopted by the Government;—and, 5. that from a similarity (though distant) in the Maori sound, for which a character is now sought, to the sound of the English "*v*," future Missionaries and new-comers generally will be assisted in reading in the pronunciation of the same.

"In conclusion, and with the utmost deference, I beg permission to express my hope, that in the consideration of the matter in question, each Member of Committee will ingenuously dismiss from his mind those prejudices which, too often, unfortunately, stick as closely to the skirts of abstract literary and scientific questions as to other matters whether social or political.

I am, &c.,

(signed) WILLIAM COLENZO,  
Superintendent C.M. Press."

"Mr. R. Davis,  
Secretary, Northern District Committee."

















